

#### Speechless.

Two workmen were engaged in digging a well when suddenly a portion of the earth gave way, falling on and knocking down one of the men. His companion called to him and listened anxiously for a reply.

"Pat, speak, man!" cried Mike again from above. "Are ye dead?"

"No, Mike," came the answer, with a groan. "I'm not dead, but I'm spachless."

Without more ado Mike set off for help as fast as his legs could carry him. Thumping loudly on the door of Pat's kinfolk, he summoned help, explaining that Pat had been knocked "spachless" and was buried by the earth in the well.

"Who told ye so?" was the unexpected matter of fact inquiry.

"He told me himself," retorted Mike, indignant at his word being doubted, "and, begorra, woman, if ye don't believe me come and ask him, and he'll tell ye it's the truth I'm speaking!"—London Tatler.

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#### He Hides a Wheel.

"Look out for the man riding alongside a car on a bicycle," remarked a Central detail detective the other day. "The street car workers have a new dodge, and the man on the bicycle is part of the game. He's the 'outside man,' as it were."

"A grafter gets on the car and the car is followed by the guy on the wheel. When 'the goods'—a watch or scarfpin—is taken by the fellow on the car he throws it to his pal on the wheel, who gets away with it. If the guy on the wheel sees trouble ahead on the car he gets away, but not without first getting the stuff from his partner if he can."

"It's a slick game, and puzzled us for a while, but we tumbled to it by recognizing one of the crooks on a wheel."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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#### SAVE CLIFF DWELLERS' RUINS.

Remains of a Civilization that Resembled That of the Pueblos.

The United States has lately taken steps to preserve the extensive ruins discovered on the Navajo Indian reservation in the northeastern part of Arizona, according to the New York Tribune. A custodian has been appointed for the De Chelly, Del Muerto and Monument canyons, and no one will be permitted to make excavations except under direction of the proper authorities.

In these canyons are cliff dwellers' ruins, varying in size from a single room perched on some ledge to an extensive communal building, numbering as many as seventy-five rooms and several stories in height. On the canyon bottoms are most interesting pueblo ruins. There are more than 200 of both classes, and at one time they must have housed a population of 15,000 souls. Students of America's prehistoric civilization hold that the cliff and pueblo dwellers belonged to the same race, and possessed the same characteristics, dwelling in harmony. It is of interest to note that the Indians who now dwell in the canyon show a less advanced civilization than its prehistoric occupants.

The Rev. Henry Mason Baum has made several visits to the canyons and discovered many valuable specimens. It was on his recommendation that the custodian was appointed. In the current issue of Records of the Past he tells about some of his visits. He found Del Muerto the most interesting. It takes its name—The Canyon of Death—from the fact that at the time of the Spanish conquest a large force moved up the canyon and massacred hundreds of Indians.

It was in this canyon that he found a most peculiar mummy—an aged cliff dwelling warrior done up in a well-preserved feather cloth. By his side was a bow and arrow of perfect workmanship.

In another cliff ruin was found the well-preserved skeleton of a male dwarf, supposed to be about 35 years old, and measuring thirty-three inches in height. It is the first dwarf mummy found in the southwest, and opens a considerable field of investigation. "It may bring the student face to face with a race of dwarfs, as found in some of the native tribes of Africa. Each tribe is the possessor of from one to four of these dwarfs, whom they regard as their wise men. The saying is current among them that 'you can fool a native many times, but a dwarf but once.'"

#### Good Old Times.

People who talk of the good old times should read these facts compiled by Popular Mechanics. In the good old times:

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticised the sermon was fined.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in New York and Boston.

Trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse the sleepy contributors.

#### Friendly Tip.

"The love of a true woman never changes," said the young man who had recently given up \$9.98 for an engagement ring.

"Yes, but you'll find it somewhat different with her hat," rejoined the man who had been trotting in double harness for seven long years.

# CASTORIA

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#### GROWTH OF CORAL REEFS.

According to Prof. Agassiz Millions of Years Are Spent in Building.

A specially interesting communication was made at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Prof. Alexander Agassiz of America, who devoted his attention to the subject of coral reefs, with special reference to the theories of their erection. He has been an indefatigable explorer of reefs in the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic areas, and the main purport of his address was to convey the ideas he had been led to formulate concerning the manner in which the circular reefs, or "atolls," come into existence.

Taking 150 feet as the greatest average depth at which reef-building corals can live, how much material in the shape of marine deposits (chiefly contributed by chalk animalcules) and what extent of time would be required to bring a foundation up to within the requisite distance of the surface to afford a base of operations for the coral polyps? Sixteen tons of chalk are contained in a layer of sea water 600 feet deep and a mile square, and this material may be utilized by the chalk animalcules for shell-building purposes. If this amount of chalk were precipitated over a square mile the layer it would form would be less than .0001 of an inch thick. The tenth of an inch would at least be the outside limit.

How long would such an agency take to build up a base for coral rock from the sea depths? Hellprin's calculation throws some light on the problem. Every year the accumulation on the ocean bed would not exceed 1-9,000 of an inch in thickness, giving us one foot of thickness in about 100,000 years. Then, if we suppose that a foundation has to be built up from a depth of 600 feet to the limit of coral life, says the Detroit News-Tribune, we would require seventy-five fathoms of material at least, and at the rate of accumulation just given, such an erection would require 45,000,000 years for its completion.

#### A Big One.

The spellbinder was at the club, and had talked politics for an hour and a half—for practice, possibly, although the Brooklyn Eagle, which tells the story, does not say so.

"And that's the situation in a nutshell," he declared, at the close.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the old general, aside, to his nearest neighbor. "What a nut!"

#### Old Farm Days.

You may brag about yer city with all its dad-burn'd style, But yer uncle's had a-plenty to last him for awhile, An' I'm thinkin' kind o' serious o' goin' back ag'in— 'Way back to the Bresh Crick bottoms, to my ole home an' kin.

Where yer 'quainted with yer neighbors, the rich as well as pore, An' every body's welcome who enters at yer door, The latch-string's allus hangin' out an' joy comes an' jist stays, An' so I'm longin' for the pleasures o' the ole farm days.

The cellar's full o' apples an' there's 'taters in the hill, An' wheat to do till harvest stored down at Thompson's mill; The stock is in the stables an' there's feed enuff fer each, An' the wood-shed's rannin' over with good ole season'd beech.

The woods is full o' rabbits, an' the bresh is full o' quail, An' the coon dogs' a-yelpin' on the frisky 'possum's trail; My ole armcheer's a-waitin' near the back-log's cheerful blaze, An' so I'm pinin' fer the comforts o' the ole farm days.

—Edwin C. Davis.



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